MARVEL
PG 136

MORRISON
QUITELY
AVALON

NEW X-MEN

RIOT AT XAVIER'S PART TWO

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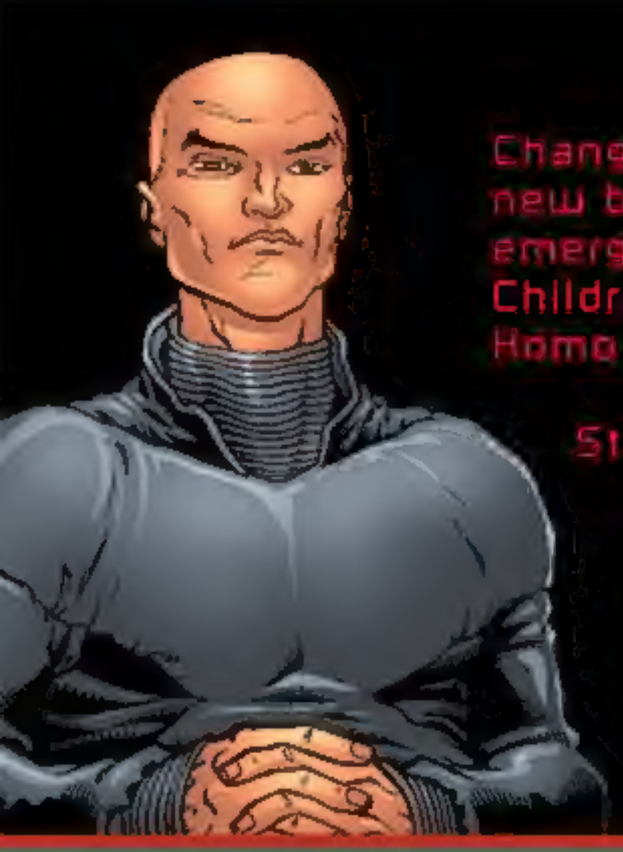

Change is coming. A new breed of man has emerged. They are the Children of the Atom, Homo superior.

Stan Lee presents...

NEW X-MEN®

THE X-MEN

PROFESSOR X
Charles Xavier
Telepath

XORN
Healer

BEAST
Dr. Henry McCoy
Super Strength/
Agility

EMMA FROST
Diamond Skin

CYCLOPS
Scott Summers
Optic Blasts

PREVIOUSLY

THE X-MEN are a worldwide team of mutant volunteer workers gifted with new evolutionary talents. They are a rescue and emergency force on the front-line of the genetic battlefield of the 21st Century. Founded and financed by the brilliant telepath PROFESSOR CHARLES XAVIER, the X-Men are forever sworn to protect a world that hates and fears them.

At the XAVIER INSTITUTE — X-Men headquarters and a school founded to teach young mutants how to use their powers responsibly — a new threat has surfaced from within.

QUENTIN QUIRE, one of Professor Xavier's most brilliant young students, has begun a rebellion against the tolerant teachings of his mentor. Quire and his gang of followers — GLOB HERMAN, RADIAN, REDNECK, and TATTOO — are hooked on a new drug called KICK that enhances their mutant powers up to five times. The drug is more dangerous than the kids realize — it may rot the X-gene and has been linked to multiple deaths in the mutant community. But Quire and his gang can't stop. Angry and high on Kick, they have already avenged the death of the mutant fashion designer Jumbo Carnation by attacking the humans who lynched him. Now they plan to destroy Professor Xavier's dreams for OPEN DAY — the first time the Xavier Institute will be open to mutants and humans alike.

Meanwhile, a squad of U-MEN — a group of organ hunters founded by John Sublime who wish to harvest the organs of mutants — has targeted a class of Xavier's students on a camping trip off school grounds. This is the special class of the Institute's remedial students led by their teacher XORN. Two of Xorn's students — ANGEL and BEAK — sneak off to get drunk and fool around, while the others — BASILISK, DUMMY, ERNST and MARTHA THE MUTANT BRAIN — are left at the bonfire with Xorn, just wishing the camping trip would end. And no one can keep track of NO-GIRL, the mysterious entity of a girl who may or may not be a part of the class.

With less than 24 hours until Open Day, the Xavier Institute is in for a world of trouble...

THE OMEGA GANG

KID OMEGA
Quentin Quire
Omega-Level
Telepath

GLOB HERMAN
Jelly Grip

RADIAN
Light Blasts

REDNECK
Radiant Hands

TATTOO
Chameleon Skin

THE SPECIAL CLASS

ANGEL
Wings, Flight

BASILISK
Strobe Pulse

BEAK
Wings, Flight

DUMMY
Gaseous Form

ERNST
Super Strength

MARTHA
JOHANSSON
Mutant Brain

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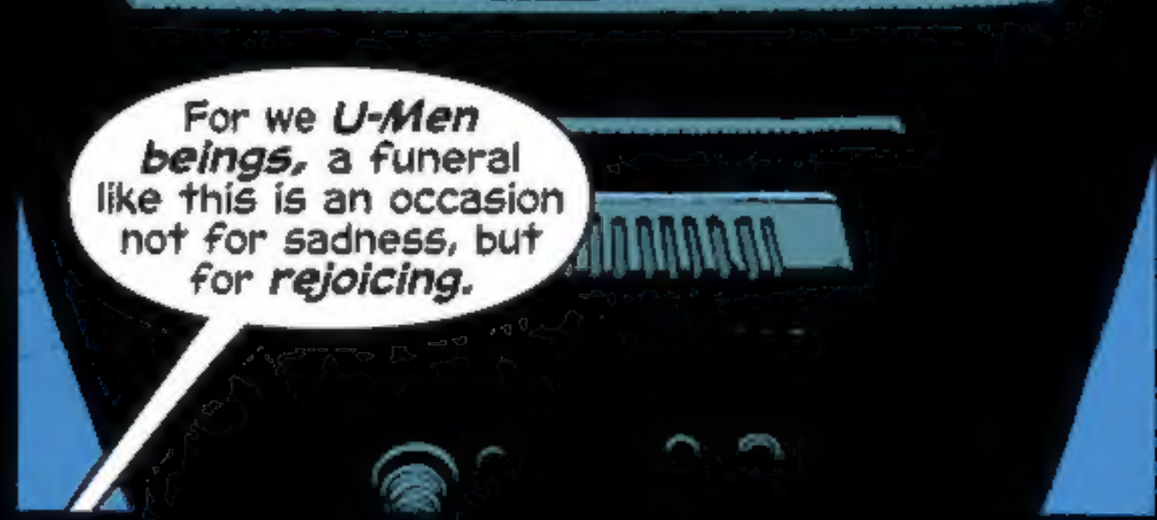
U-MAN CENTRAL


For we U-Men beings, a funeral like this is an occasion not for sadness, but for rejoicing.

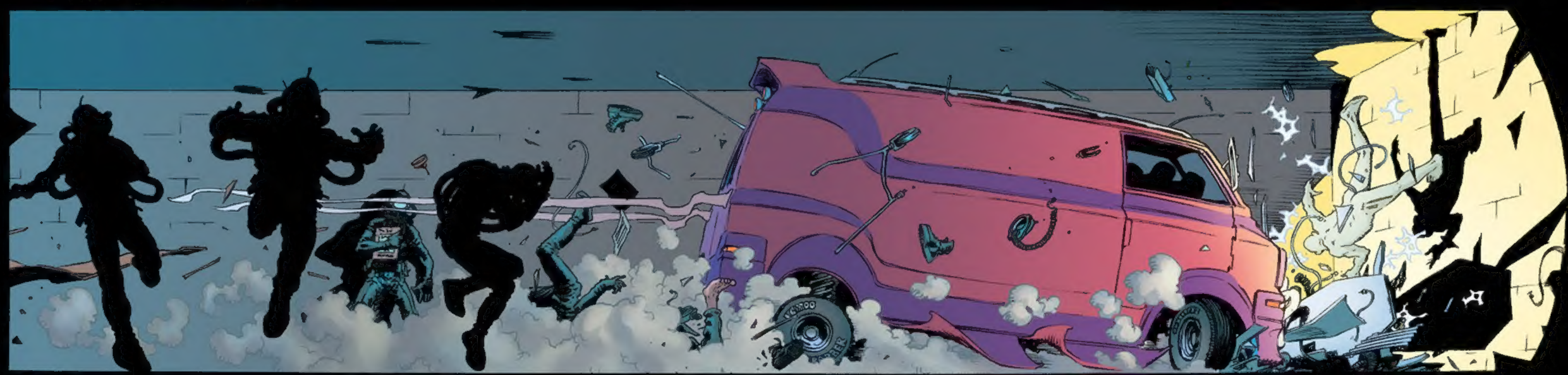
A time, even, of greedy anticipation.
U-Man Smitts died of blood poisoning when his mutant lung grafts went rotten after a week of agonized waiting.
Bob wasn't pure enough to bear his transplants...but we are.
The 3rd SPECIES
JOHN SUBLIME

For today is the day of the Recycled Man! The third species eternal!
Homo Perfectus!
Let the harvest begin.
The 3rd SPECIES
JOHN SUBLIME

He promised me his x-ray corneas...
The jaws are mine!
Do we all get a bit of him or is it just the group leaders?

NEW X-MEN

WHEN X IS NOT X



This is *nice.*
We're your worst nightmare, you know...
...vengeful mutants *on drugs.*

Why would you want to *be* like us? I mean, *really.*
It's not *easy* being a mutant, brother.

People like you *exterminate* us, murder our artists, cut out our *organs* and stick them into your own diseased bodies...
Our leaders and teachers expect us to be *'reasonable'*, stare at our shoes and do *nothing.*

But I don't think *Homo Inferior* should have any right to mess up the *future* the way they've messed up the *past.*
...don't hurt me...

Agree with me.
FSSSSS

I can't touch the ground... I have to breathe pure air...
...it's my religion...please...I can't touch the fallen world until it's made perfect...

Get some *Kick* into your lungs, *Redneck,* my man!
Gimme five-bar electric death!
I spent the last of my savings on this suit... please don't ruin it...

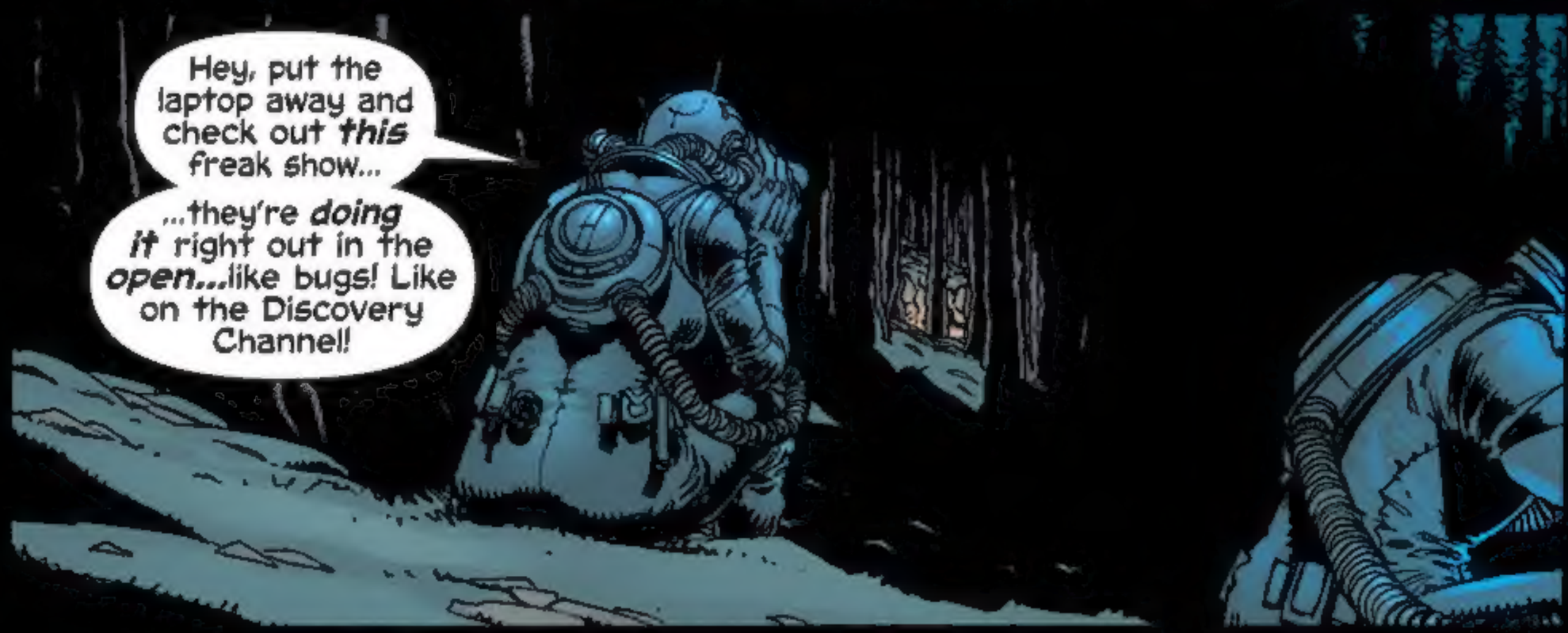
You're not a *religion.* You're a cannibal freak who met some like-minded losers in a seedy chatroom and decided to create a *Do-It-Yourself* species...using *pieces* of *our* people.
Citizen Redneck? Citizen Herman?
New X Justice.

Hey, Quentin...
...you want we should tell this guy what Herman's *made* from...
...before it's *too late* for him to hear?

You mean *Bio-Paraffin? Living wax?*
EEEAAUU
The world hasn't *fallen,* you ignorant ape...

...it's a *Garden of Eden* made for mutants!
Hey.
Anybody there? U-Man Patrol to U-Man Central?
Dix, are you there?

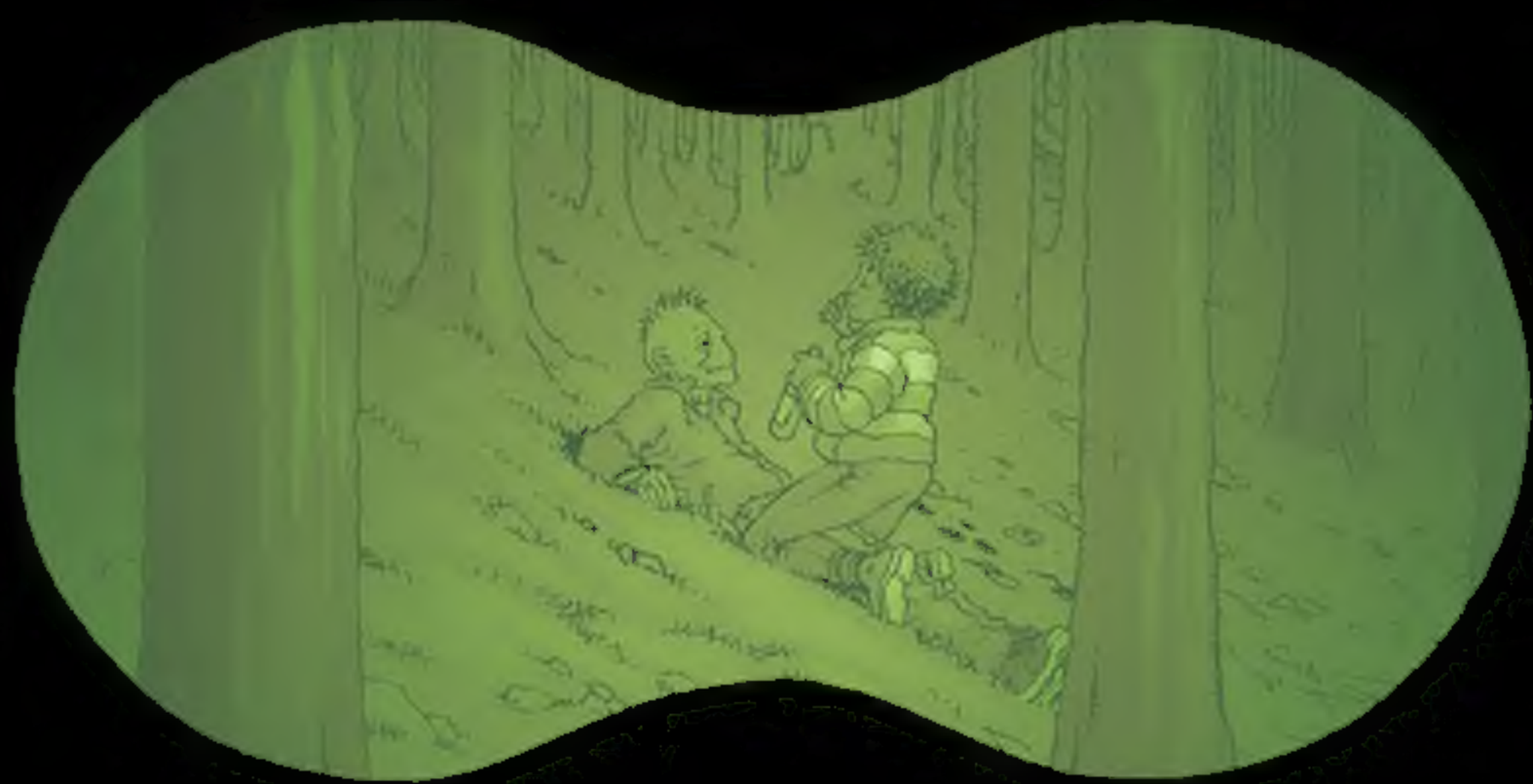
We just called to *confirm* that mutant colony sighting... we think it's some sort of *camping trip* from the nearby Xavier Institute.
⋹TT⋺
No response.
Bob Smitt's *funeral*, remember?


Hey, put the laptop away and check out *this* freak show...
...they're *doing it* right out in the *open*...like bugs! Like on the Discovery Channel!

The chick's wobbling like a rubber glove filled with *milk*, and the other thing...
...the other thing's like... like stuff I used to see hanging on hooks in my Uncle Buck's butcher shop.

Urrr... what's he doing now?
Why can't I have telescopic vision like *U-Man Parr?* Her grafts just *took* -- no antibiotics, no infection...
...these binoculars are *useless.*
Shhh!
I just checked with the *Sublime* website.

In answer to my brief question, *Master John* says it's our right and duty to harvest the organs of these mutants.
The younger the better.



I *can't* do it anymore, Angel ...
This is supposed to be *easy,* Beak!
Even the *birds* and *bees* managed to figure *this* out, you moron...it's genetic evolution!
It's the whole *point* of the X-Men School!

Enough.
You're just coming on to me *way* too strong, Angel Salvadore...
...I wish I had never been a *part* of this stupid tent expedition.
I'm coming on to *you?*
You were squawking out a *whole different song* five minutes ago.
Drink, Beakie.

Where is the *romance* here among the bugs and the toadstools?
What if somebody trips over us and *tells* everyone?
Hah!
Tells 'em *what?* That you said *'no'* to the first, last and best chance you *ever had?*
There's not a hope in ten billion *anybody's* gonna find us here, so get --

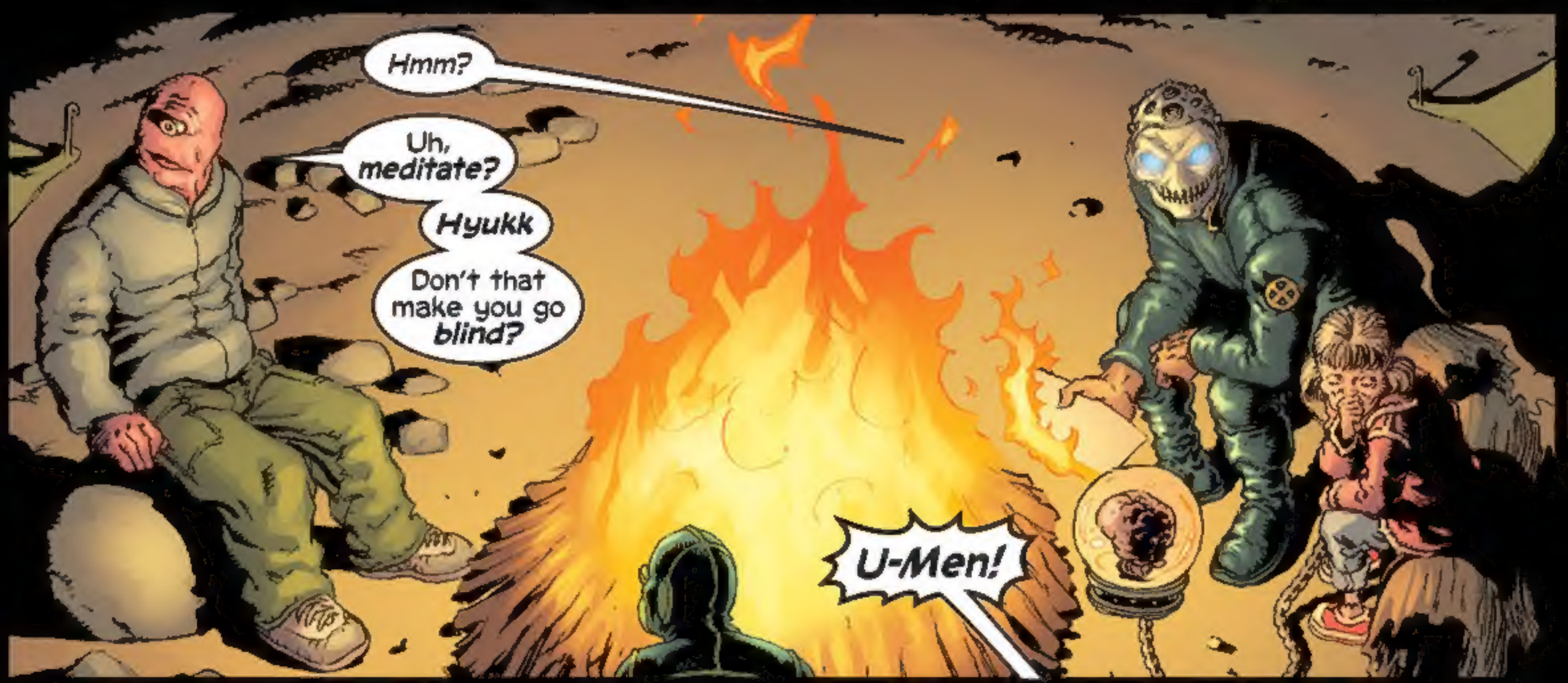
Oh, thank God.

NEARBY...
So, Mister Xorn...
... I *definitely* saw you sneaking a peek at *No-Girl's* sexy fat butt just a moment previous.

No.
I still cannot see No-Girl *anywhere,* Basilisk.
Oh, she's around.
Martha says she's *bored* in her bubble.
What are we going to do *now,* Mister Xorn?

Do?
This is us doing.
I...I thought we would meditate...

...hoped we would become *friends* and learn something about ourselves and our limits.
But...I cannot tell when you are trying to be *funny* or when you are trying to be *cruel.*
JACK-ASS


Hmm?
Uh, *meditate?*
Hyukk
Don't that make you go *blind?*
U-Men!

U-MEN!
There are U-Men!
Run for your lives!

Wurrf!
Martha's screaming!
U-Men cut her body away!
She's frightened of the U-Men!

Harvest.

Ukk
Ohhh, I don't like this one bit.
There's about a bunch of 'em with razor guns!
I know these guys from before! They'll kill you like stomping on a roach!

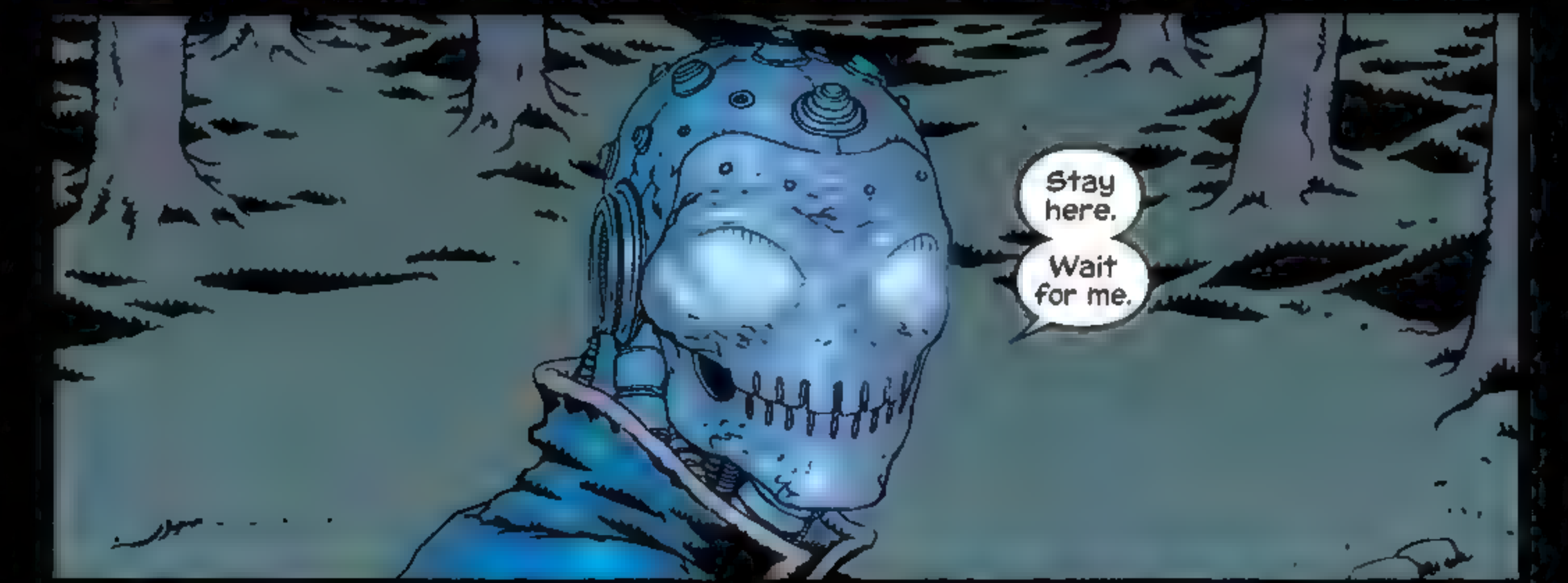
Leave the camping equipment, children.
Go!

This way.
Stay with me.

Now.
This is quite unacceptable.

We can't go any *further*, sir!
Look!

There will be no need to go further.


Stay here.
Wait for me.

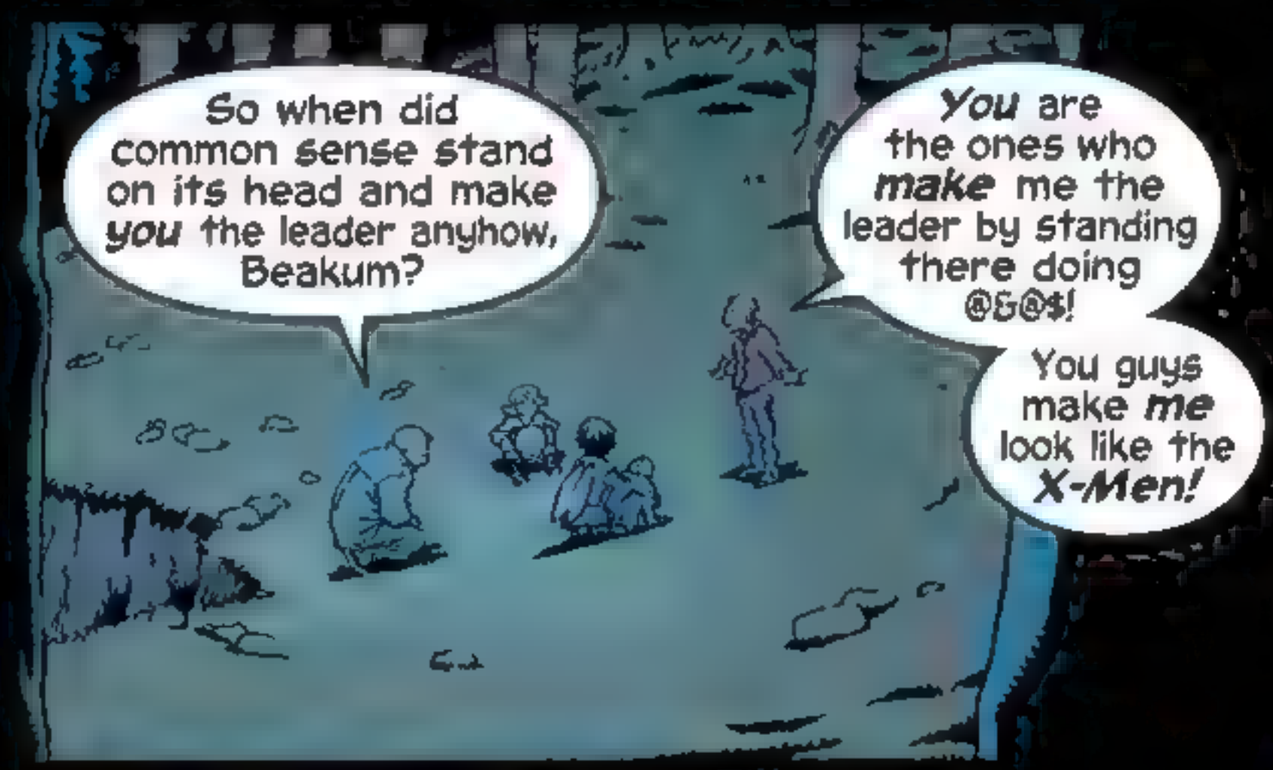
He can't just *leave* us here...the guy is *eight feet tall* with the power of a tiny blue *star* in his head!
While we're the Xavier School remedial class!

Xorny is so *dead.*
I bet we'll find him all *cut up* with his head severed off and stuff.
He's got a *sun* for a head!
You can't sever a sun, Basilisk!
Can you?

Oh, noooooo
We all have to work together as a *team,* like they tell us every week in assembly.
Hey, this guy's making a really creepy hissing noise, like your gran'ma dying...

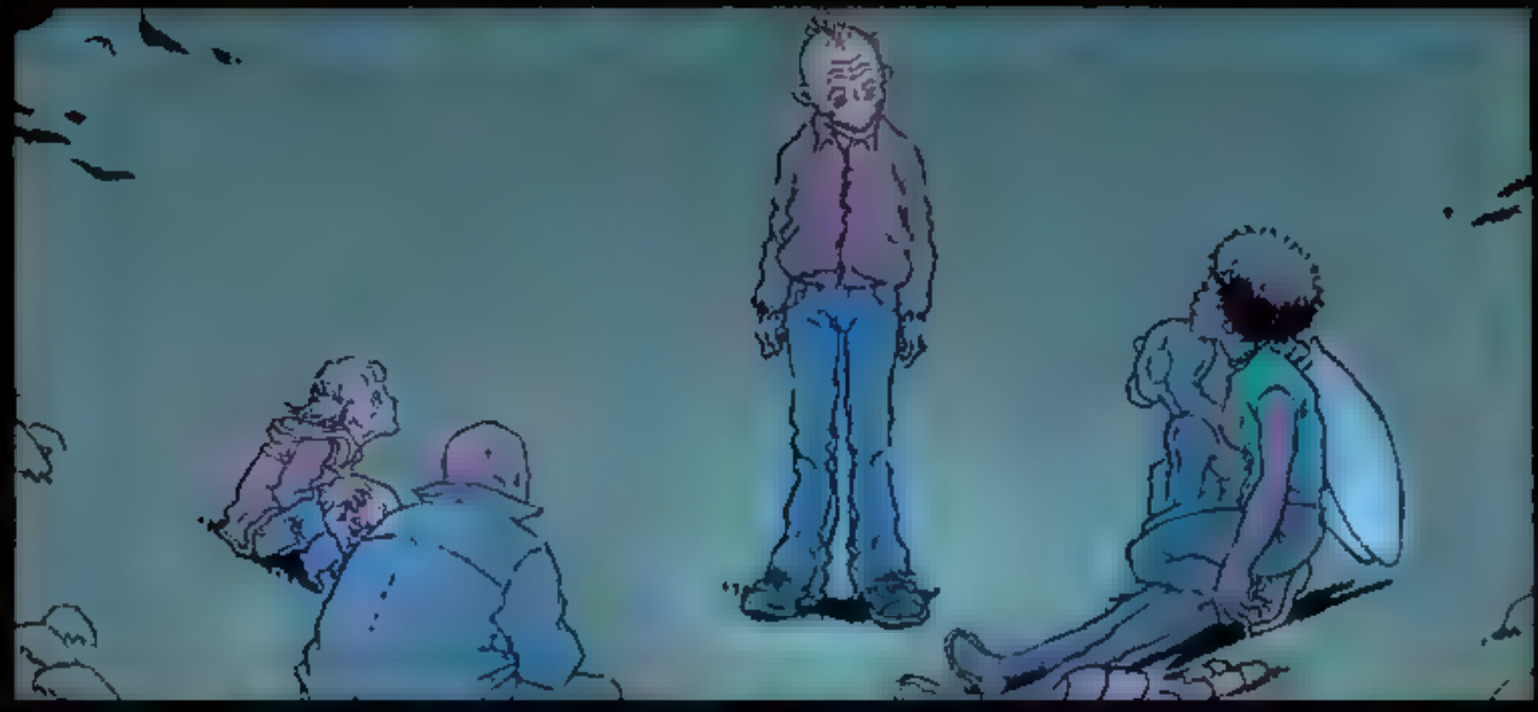
Uurr
What is that horrible *stink?* Like egg and parmesan cheese.
Was that *you?*
That's *Dummy,* dum-dum.
He's a *living person.*

Martha says he's *right* – the smell *is* Dummy escaping into the air.
Dummy's an intelligent *gas* in a suit!
A smart fart!

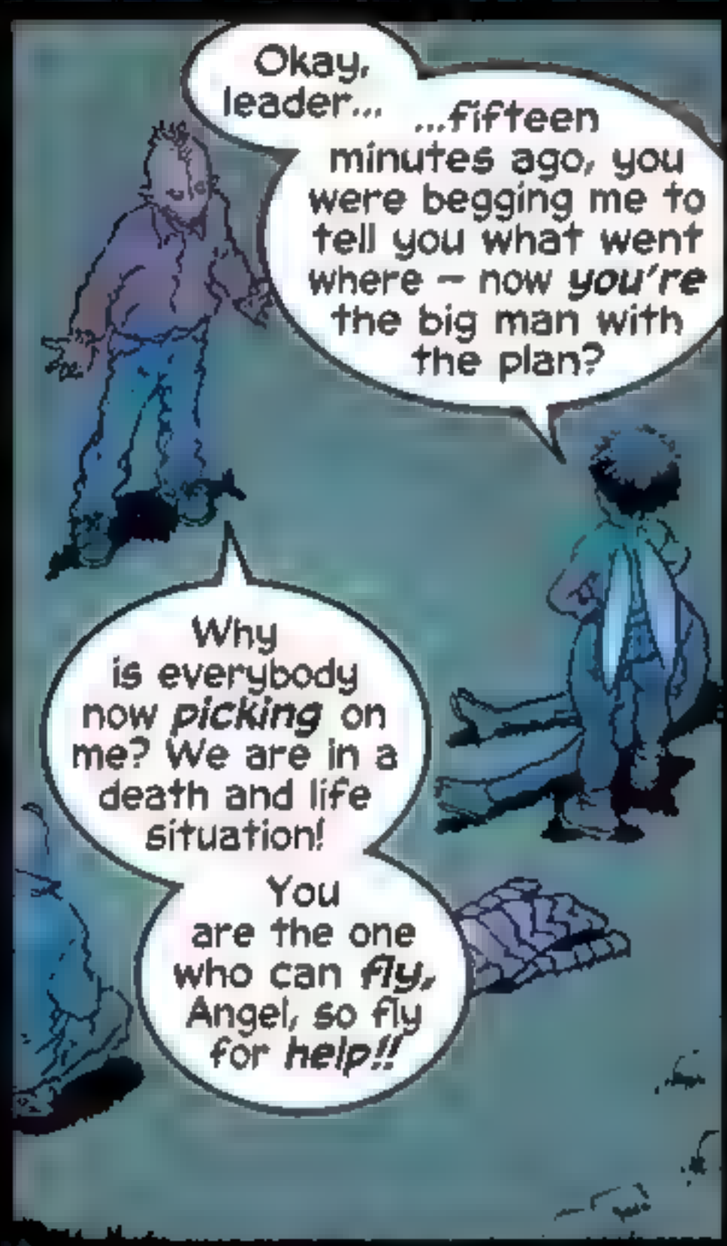

So when did common sense stand on its head and make *you* the leader anyhow, Beakum?
You are the ones who *make* me the leader by standing there doing @&@$!
You guys make *me* look like the *X-Men!*

But we're *supposed* to be losers.
That's the point of us.
That's why they put us in Mister Xorn's special class.

No way!
No *way* are we losers!
Do *I* look like a loser to you?



You'll *never* be X-Man material, Beak!
And Angel's only here 'cause she likes the taste of finger-lickin' frozen chicken!
Hyukk

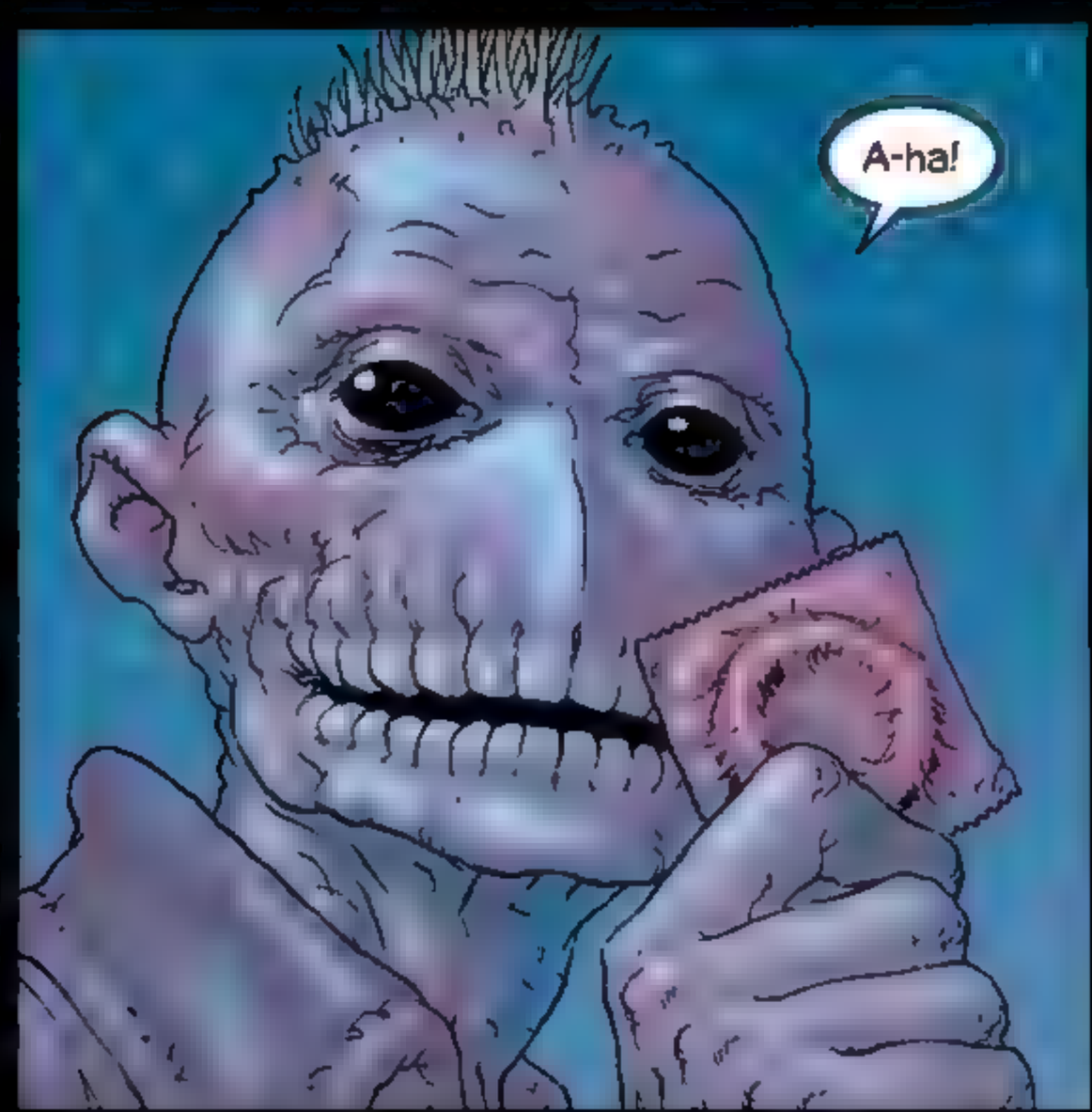

Okay, leader...
...fifteen minutes ago, you were begging me to tell you what went where – now *you're* the big man with the plan?
Why is everybody now *picking* on me? We are in a death and life situation!
You are the one who can *fly*, Angel, so fly for *help!!*

What kind?
Psychiatric?

'scuse me
help
please

don't want to leak away
The *smell* of this guy is escaping from the hole in his pervert suit.

He's gonna *die.*
I never saw a human fart die in front of me before.
That is what *you* think.
All we need is something *rubber* to patch him up, yeah?


A-ha!

Wohh

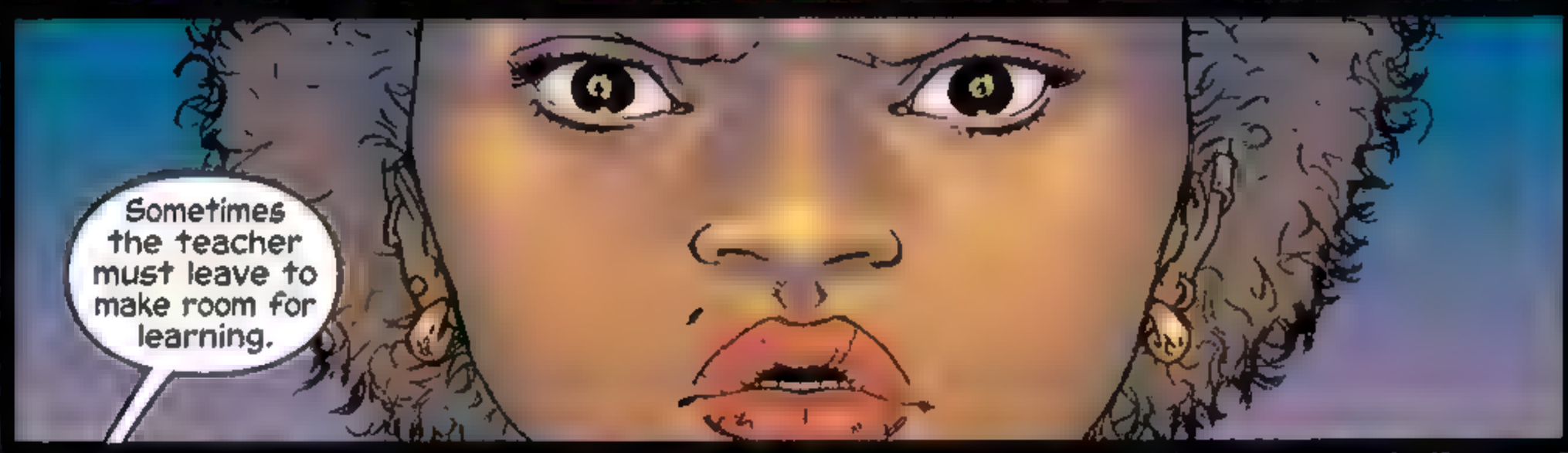
*

So...what's in it for me if I *save* everybody?
Which of you lovely ladies will be *my* bride?
Do something and even *I* will be your bride!
I did *my* bit!

Hyukk

Martha says...
...she says *No-Girl* has agreed to go out with you on *Friday*... if...if you *help* us, Basilisk!

Pleasure.


Sometimes the teacher must leave to make room for learning.

Beak dreamed of *respect.* Ernst could find no one to be *responsible* for. Basilisk had no *focus* for his energy.
For Dummy there was no *community...*
...and *you,* Angel.

This will be *our* secret.
All will be well.

Yes, sir.

...she really *said* that, Ernst?
No-Girl said she'd go out with you anytime, Basilisk.
You have a really nice *smile*, she says.
Huh!
Your eyebeam... ÷Hff÷...it is just some cheap copy of *Cyclops*.

Mr. Summers will *sue* you for stealing the copyright trademark to his talent.
I got no money.
All I got's a seizure in my brain -- sets off a flash that *freezes* 'em like roadkill in the lights.
You'll strain your *back* with that heavy rock, Barnell. You will.

Nnn
There is no way I will trust his stupid *eyeflash* to do the whole job.
Somebody has to break the helmet like an egg and *stun* this guy.
Don't look at the U-Man if he scares you, Martha!

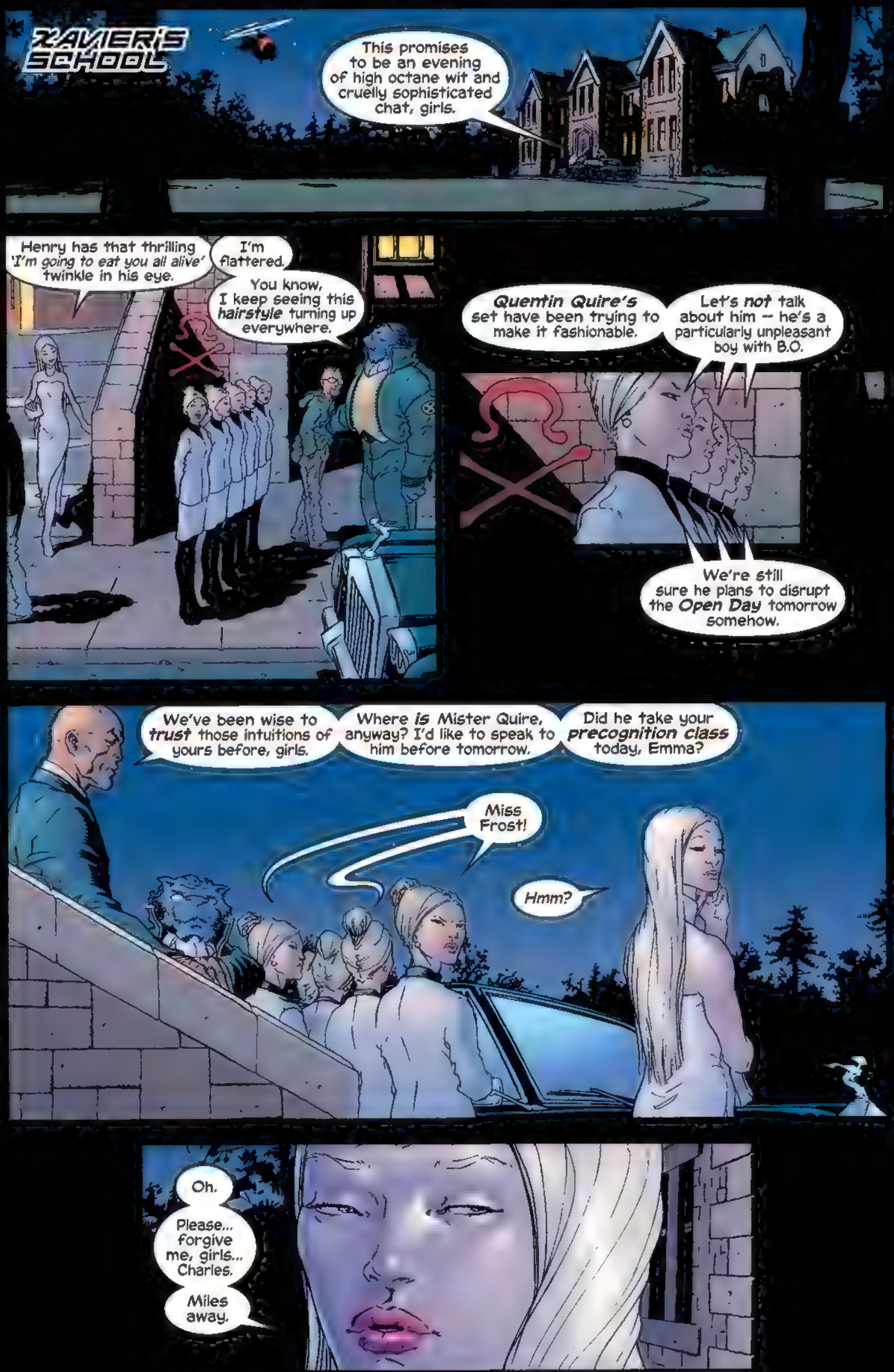
A nice smile.
Hyukk

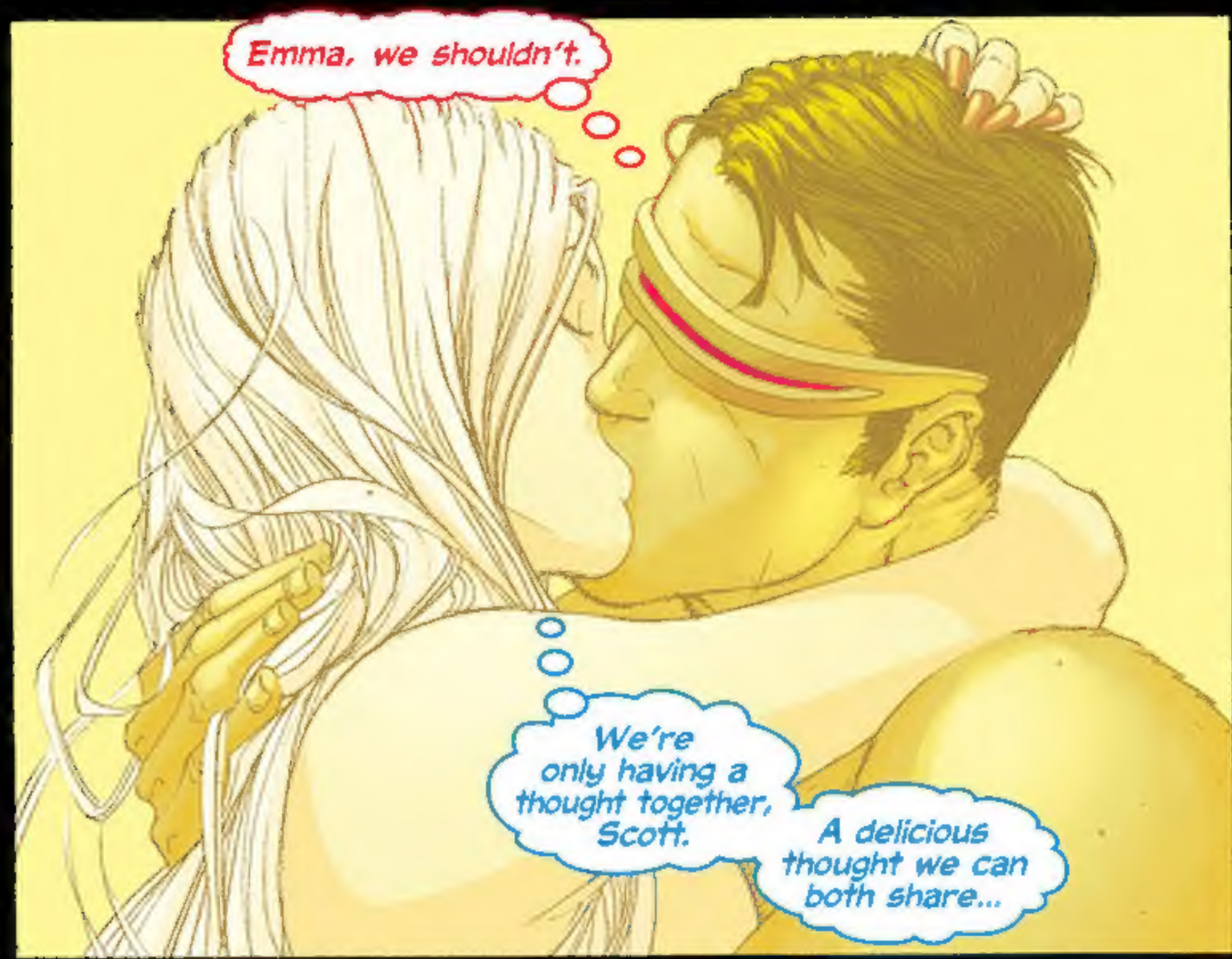
We caught a *big* one, Mister Xorn.
And Martha says she sent a mind alarm to *Miss Frost* at the school.
Well done, Ernst.
I'm proud of you all.
The U-Men will leave us alone now.

Well, Mister Xorn... *guess who* was the unlikely hero of the hour?
And I'd like you to meet No-Girl... my *fiancé*.
Yeah!
Only a girl who is *non-existent* would go out with this guy!

She's saying "Hi", Mister Xorn.
Yes...yes, Basilisk.
No-Girl, forgive me...I was searching in all the wrong *frequencies* for you.
There you are.

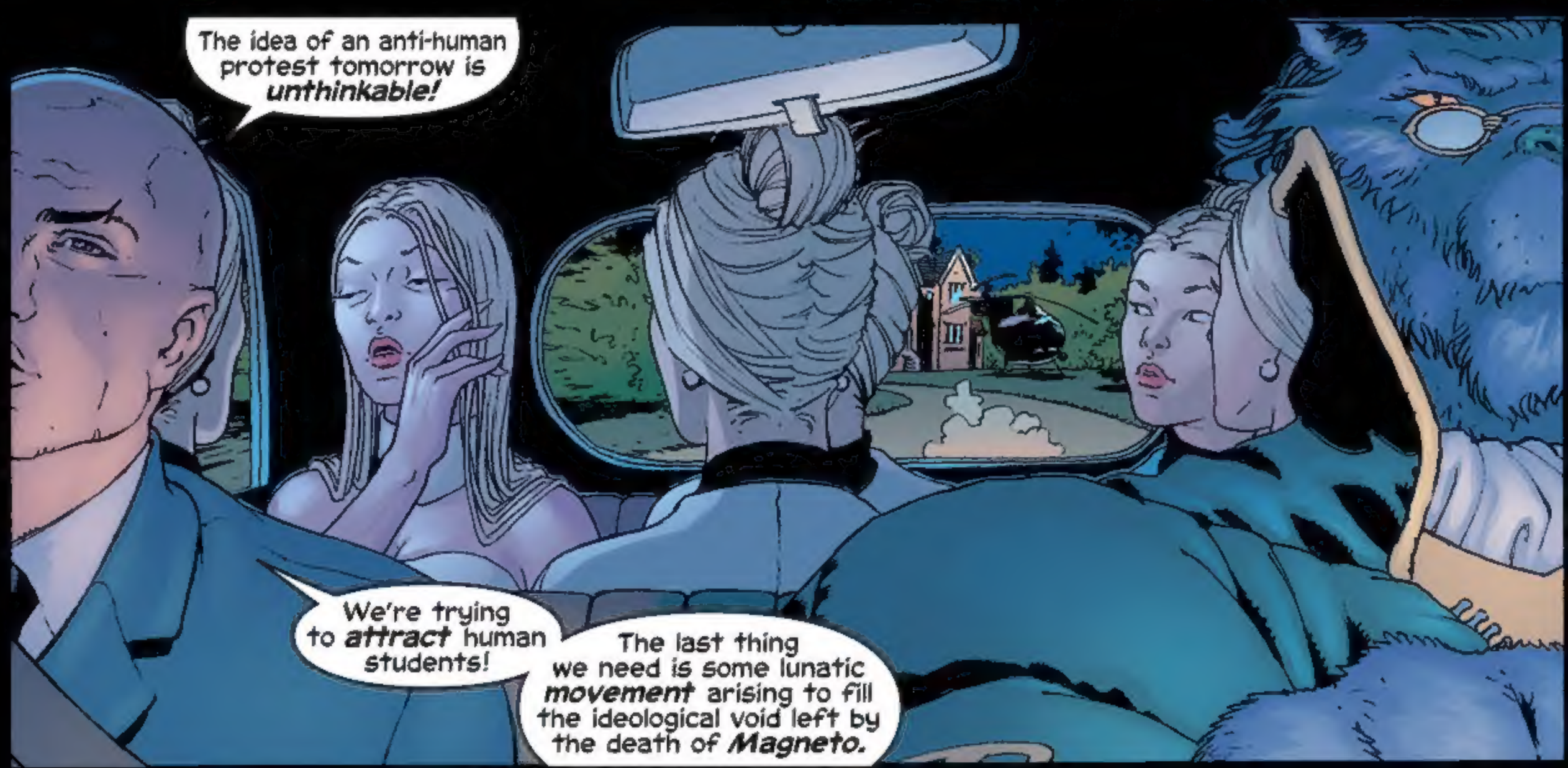
Welcome to the *Special* Class.


XAVIER'S SCHOOL
This promises to be an evening of high octane wit and cruelly sophisticated chat, girls.
Henry has that thrilling 'I'm going to eat you all alive' twinkle in his eye.
I'm flattered.
You know, I keep seeing this hairstyle turning up everywhere.
Quentin Quire's set have been trying to make it fashionable.
Let's not talk about him -- he's a particularly unpleasant boy with B.O.
We're still sure he plans to disrupt the Open Day tomorrow somehow.
We've been wise to trust those intuitions of yours before, girls.
Where is Mister Quire, anyway? I'd like to speak to him before tomorrow.
Did he take your precognition class today, Emma?
Miss Frost!
Hmm?
Oh.
Please... forgive me, girls... Charles.
Miles away.


Emma, we shouldn't.
We're only having a thought together, Scott.
A delicious thought we can both share...

...Scott?
Are you well, my friend? You seem distant and preoccupied...
Oh, no. No, I was listening... sorry, Xorn...
Lot on my mind.

I was miles away.


The idea of an anti-human protest tomorrow is unthinkable!
We're trying to attract human students!
The last thing we need is some lunatic movement arising to fill the ideological void left by the death of Magneto.

LATER...
Thank you for a very enjoyable and amusing evening, everyone.
I'll be shutting down my thoughts until tomorrow...

Hunh --?

Wow.
So *now* what happens when the X-Men turn up to kick our asses, Quentin?
Bring them on, I say.
We have all night to prepare.
Wolverine's all *yours*, bro.
Save some cookies for me, chunky boy.

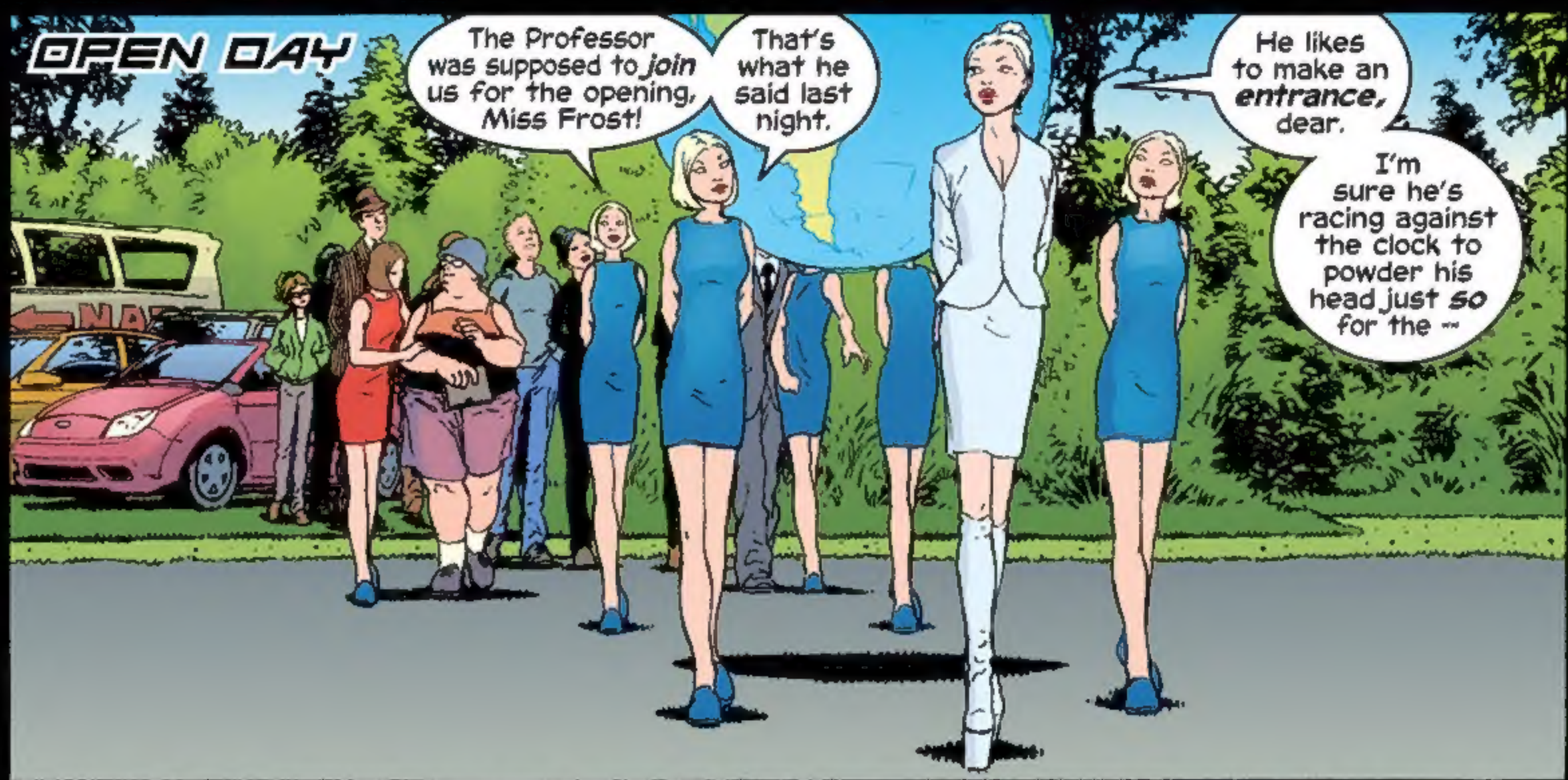
You wanted to *see* me, Professor?

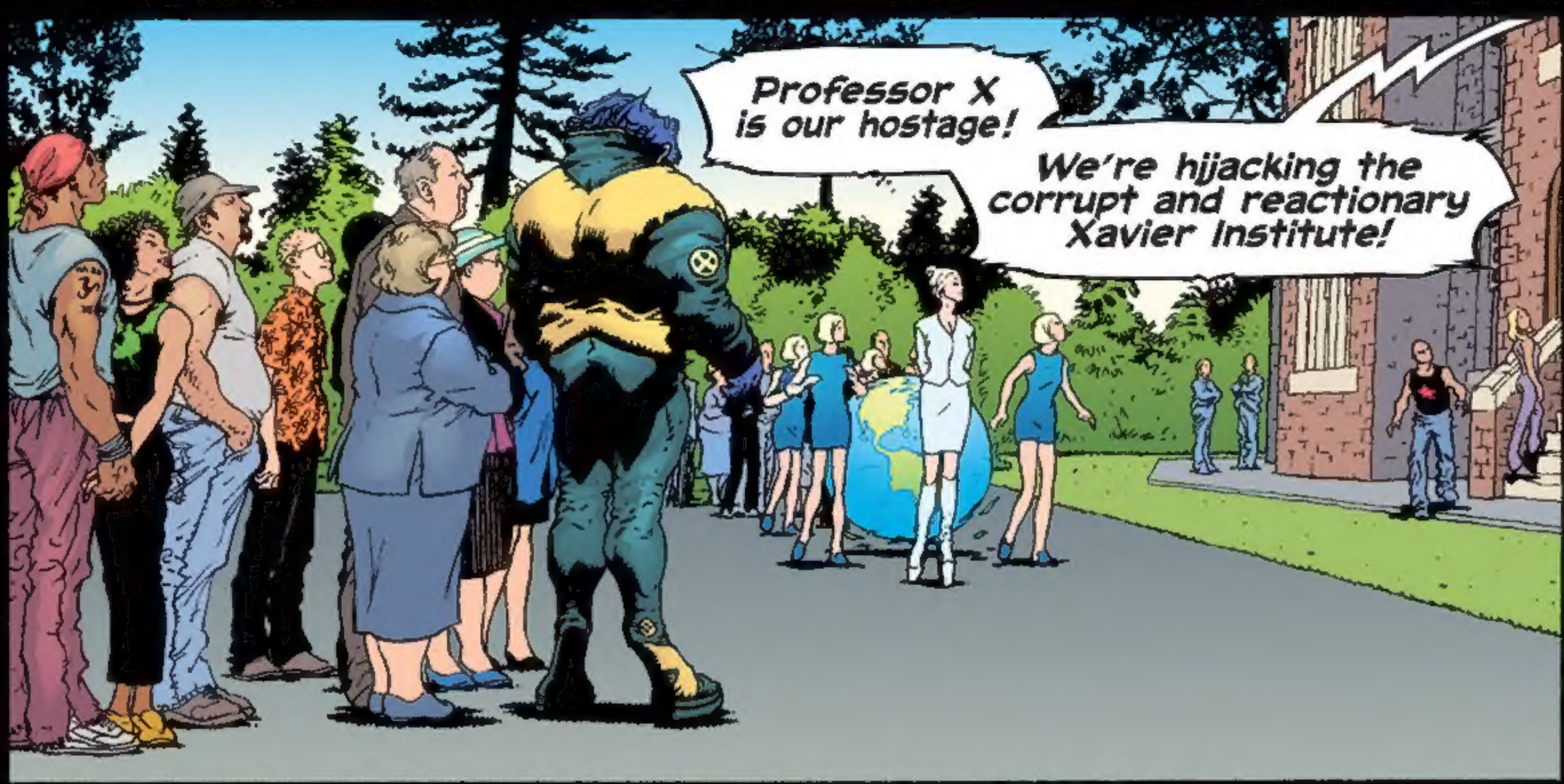
Professor Xavier, you taught us to think *outside the box.*
Do you remember doing that?
You encouraged us to think new thoughts, develop new ideas and find new solutions to old problems.

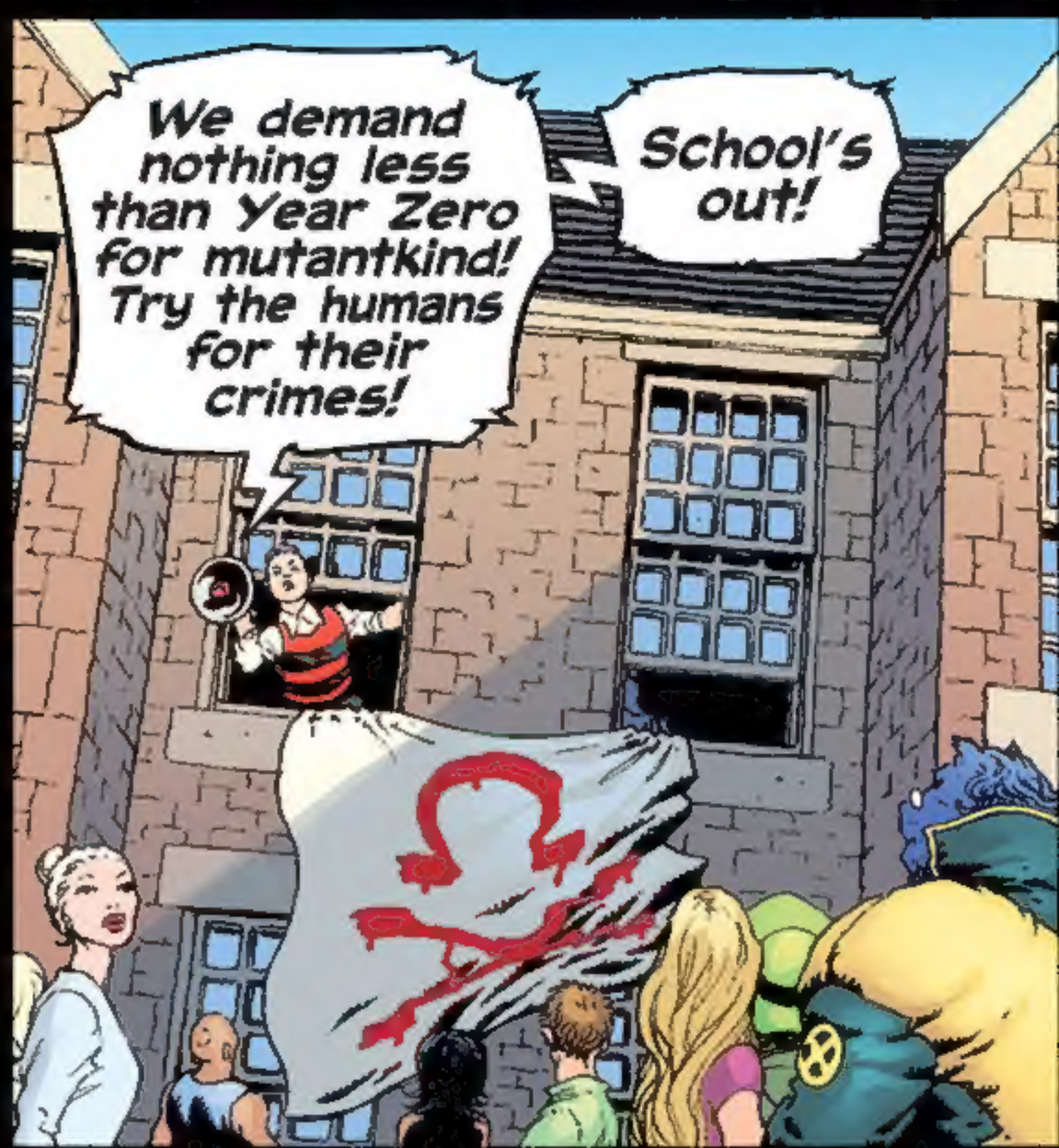
So we *did.*
The helmet's based on Magneto's telepathy-proof technology...you couldn't think *into* his helmet and you can't think *out* of this one.

All your rhetoric about man/mutant brotherhood sounded really inspiring when I was *thirteen,* Professor, but I grew up...
...and the world looks *different* when you're a little taller.
Your *'dream'* has *failed* the mutant race at every turn, Professor.

Humans *can't* be reasoned with.
And the only thing we *haven't* actually tried yet is Magneto's way -- total *extermination* of the human race.
The school gates open to the *public* in two hours, Professor...
Look.
Secret X-Labssss.
I smell *Kick.*


OPEN DAY
The Professor was supposed to *join* us for the opening, Miss Frost!
That's what he said last night.
He likes to make an *entrance,* dear.
I'm sure he's racing against the clock to powder his head just *so* for the --


Professor X is our hostage!
We're hijacking the corrupt and reactionary Xavier Institute!


We demand nothing less than Year Zero for mutantkind! Try the humans for their crimes!
School's out!

RIIIIOT!